

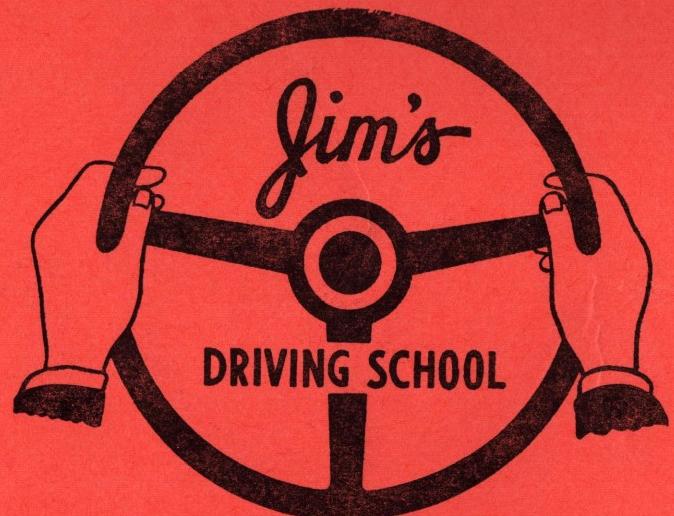
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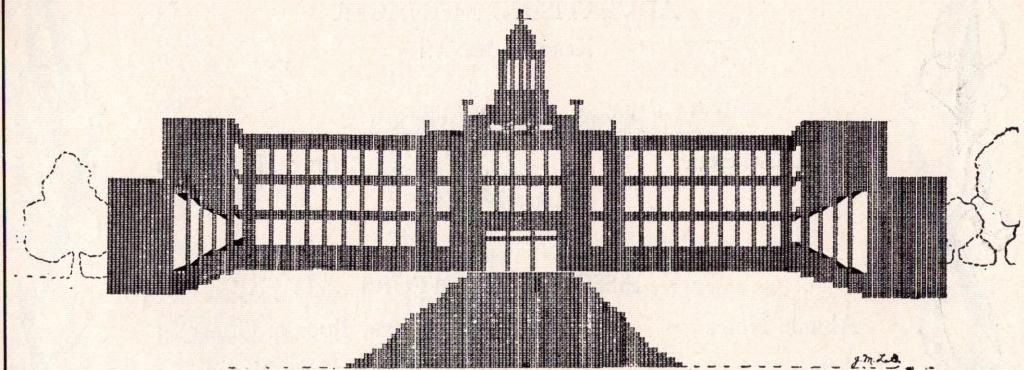
The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

VOL. XLIX

February 1965

No. 3



First Place Rating for 1964
Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Published by the Students of
Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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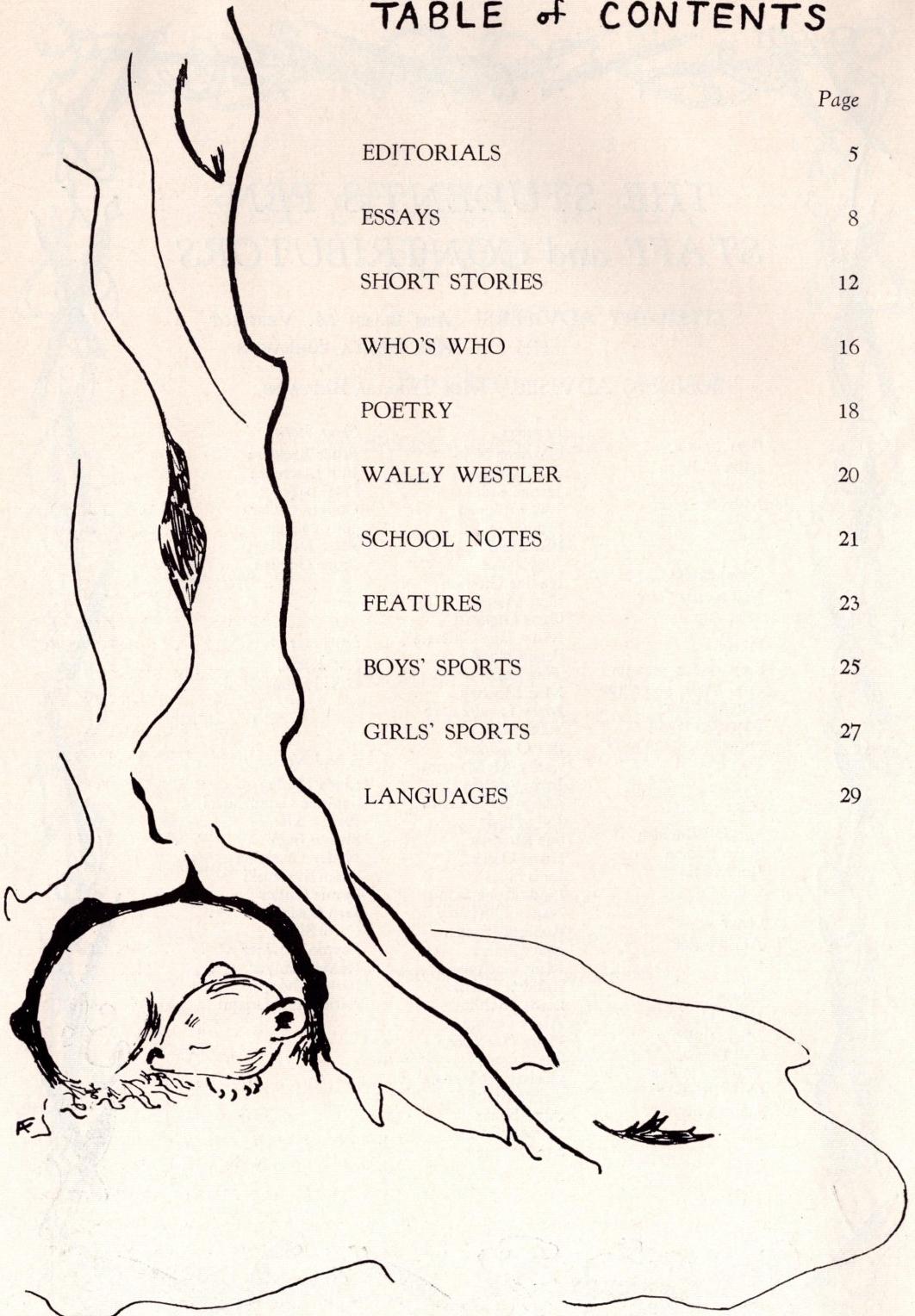
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FEBRUARY, 1965

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EDITORIALS

Attainment and Discipline

By Peter Russo, '65

TOO OFTEN one hears of a relatively close friend flunking out of school or college. This student might have been an excellent one in high school, but in a higher educational institution the going was just a little too rough.

Two very pertinent questions are to be asked in this situation. First, why was he dismissed from the school? And secondly, who was at fault—his high school where he was prepared or he, himself?

The answer to the first covers a wide range of various possibilities. It could be that he was booted out for misconduct or cheating; or it could even be too much of the night lights on campus. But more often than not, the reason is just pure scholastic ineptitude. He just couldn't get himself into the routine of four or five hours' study per day. Too, possibly to a lesser degree, a lack of sound basic training and knowledge of major subjects may have caused it. These last two are often the student's downfall in college.

The second answer naturally follows from the first. If he couldn't (or wouldn't, as the case may be) discipline himself to regular, hard study, he, the student, is usually at fault. If, on the other hand, there is lack of basic knowledge, the answer could be either of the two—either the school attempted to and the student wouldn't apply himself or the school just didn't give the needed preparation.

Considering our own Pittsfield High School, one cannot blame this school for lack of preparation. A student may go as fast as he is able to or at a regular rate. Coupled with an excellent faculty are fine facilities which are being improved upon every year.

This whole business comes down to two

very important facts which should be considered by anyone intending to further his education after high school. One is the ability to retain knowledge after a prolonged period of time (often referred to as the attainment of knowledge), and the other is the discipline which one must have to study constantly. These are not just two things pulled out of a hat; they're verified yearly by studies, tests, and, most importantly by educators themselves.

This most important attainment of knowledge is a tough opponent to conquer. It concerns constant drilling and studying in which the facts gained are not just known for an upcoming test, but which are to be retained and remembered so that two days or two years after the test the student would know fundamentally what the subject tested concerned.

Conversely though, how many times is the student's view of this fact obscured, shrouded by that almighty teacher who thinks his subject is the best and that there is no other and who subsequently piles on two or three hours' homework nightly? These are the culprits, the ones who in some cases make the student lose sight of attaining and retaining knowledge. Still though, we, the students, must overlook this mountain and try valiantly to learn as such.

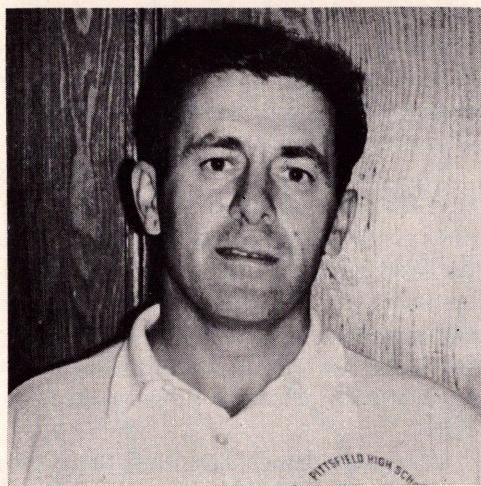
Discipline in studying is entirely up to the student. It must be fit into his schedule and it may mean the cutting of some social event—a dance, a show, a night out with his friends, or even a Saturday pick-up basketball game. No one can study for him; it must be done by him and only him.

Educators agree: these two, the attainment of knowledge and the discipline in

studying are the facts of success and roads to success in college. Let us mull them and positively try harder to perfect our learning capacities to a higher degree, not only today at Pittsfield High, but tomorrow in college.

A Winning Tradition!

By Peter Seremet, '65 and Peter Russo, '65



PITTSFIELD High School has through the years been blessed with many outstanding athletes and coaches. These two elements have brought a winning tradition to our school which is nearly unparalleled in Western Massachusetts High Schools. One of these who has been most instrumental in retaining this tradition in our time has been Coach Rudolph J. Benedetti.

Coach Benedetti has been Boys' Physical Education Director for six years. Previous to this he had graduated from Springfield College and coached Drury High to the Western Massachusetts Class A Championship in 1956 and '57. It was at this time that he came to P.H.S.

Since then, Coach Benedetti has built P.H.S. into a track powerhouse, having been

Western Massachusetts A.A. Champions in 1964 and runnerup in '63. During his tenure, his track team produced a fantastic dual-meet winning streak.

Along with these achievements, Coach Benedetti's ski-team has racked up five consecutive Berkshire Interscholastic Championships and two runnerups. He has also been the football trainer for four years, having served in this capacity most ably.

Notwithstanding, Coach, too, has been an inspirational leader in teaching physical education to all male students at P.H.S. and has always helped those desiring to improve themselves in a particular skill. He has never ceased to push for new facilities, new programs which were so vigorously backed by our late beloved President John F. Kennedy.

In six short years this man has brought to P.H.S. not only six championships and three runnerups, but also increased prestige in both track and skiing competition. This record alone speaks for itself. For these reasons we of the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN salute Coach Benedetti for a job well-done.

Something New

By Peter Seremet, '65

AS SPORTS editors of THE STUDENT'S PEN, Bob Calderwood and I had the opportunity to attend a luncheon and press conference put on by the Pittsfield Red Sox at the Hotel Wendell. The Red Sox, if you don't know by now, are the newest entry in the Eastern League, which happens to be one of the oldest leagues in professional baseball. It is the first pro-team to play in Pittsfield since 1951.

At the conference we were informed by team president Joe Buzas of many of the team's future plans. It will operate in, and enlarge, Wahconah Park, P.H.S.'s baseball and football battleground. This will force our baseball squad to play its games at Clapp

Park exclusively. On the other hand the team's move to Wahconah will create many summer jobs for ambitious P.H.S. students, according to Mr. Buzas. The need will be for usherettes, attendants, and concessionaires. Student ticket prices were announced as being only \$.50, in the hope that many young faces will be seen at the ball park.

The advent of this professional team will bring more than \$150,000 into the city. It will give the Berkshires national recognition, and provide an asset for attracting new industry. The Red Sox will also provide a tremendous recreational outlet, community spirit, and something worth attending during the spring and summer months, when so many of us find ourselves with nothing to do.

Electric Immaturity or Fourth Grade Fun

By Peter Danckert, '65

IT IS often very interesting to observe children at play. They are forever doing odd and amusing things to one another as they gallop through their yards, playgrounds, and schools. Yes, they find a large portion of their ingenuous fun in and around their place of learning.

Apparently this impulse remains and sometimes finds its most effervescent outlet in high school. One would suppose that this instinct for carefree, inane frivolity might be somewhat lessened in the challenging academic world of secondary education but, upon a perfunctory examination, one finds that the urge for fun is still very prevalent. Some forms of amusement have risen to a subtler, more satisfying plane but a surprisingly large amount has remained on the fourth grade level. You, kind reader, laugh-

ingly say no, this is not true, but I say yes, it is and a few notable examples follow.

The P.H.S. cafeteria's volume level is usually quite high, but once in a while the seemingly constant lunch noise is shattered by the crash of some hapless diner's falling meal tray. This unbearably funny incident does not go without comment. Instantly, a swelling, cacophonous "Who-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh" grinds from the throats of the assembled students. Now isn't this a riot? Isn't it absolutely too cool?

This minor "Drop-Out Problem" is also quite prevalent in the school corridors. A tardy scholar, desperately hurrying to his next class, drops one or more of his textbooks. Does anyone attempt to help him pick them up? Are you kidding? That would spoil another great fun session. Instead, passing students kick the books, skidding them merrily down the hall. Man, I ask you, isn't that wild?

Yes, indeed, there is a lot of good, clean fun to be had at Pittsfield High School. Perhaps much of it is on the grammar school level but that's all right. When in doubt, kids, just yell "WICKED!"

What a little train with a cold says . . .
"Kerchoo choo choo Kerchoo choo . . .



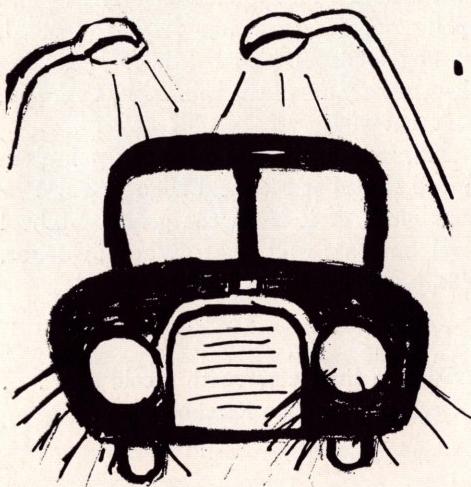
ESSAYS

Big Night on the Town

By Jim Nagle, '65

IT'S FRIDAY night. You lie on your bed and gaze at the clock. Seven fifteen. Your mind begins to work feverishly. What's up, tonight, old boy? You don't know. Mental cogs are turning at an incredible rate. Still nothing.

Seven thirty. Time to get out of here and do something. You jump into the car and head for the bright lights. That's a good one.



North Street. You have reached the meeting of the ways, the cradle of civilization. You check the big clock on the bank. Seven forty-five.

Around the park and back up, that's the way it's done. You stop at a red light and turn the radio up full blast. You light a cigarette, slouch over, and put on your rough, sneering North Street face. Beside you a cynical-looking youth in a Ford revs up his mill. Sounds tough. The light turns green; there is an ear-shattering blast and a strident struggle for traction, and suddenly

he is no longer beside you. Clever fellow, Indeed.

What do you do now? The dance? Ah yes, the dance. You leave a little Goodyear on the pavement as you careen around the corner and slam neatly into a parking space. Hope somebody saw that. You get out and head for the door. Outside are three youthful cosmopolitans, smoking cigarettes and looking wise.

Inside. You plunk down your four bits and the smiling gentleman stamps the back of your hand with an excellent likeness of a kangaroo hoof. Symbolism. You swagger onto the dance floor. In the middle a few are dancing. Surrounding them are little groups, talking. And around them all stream hundreds of lost adolescents, just walking. Always walking, with a way out look in their eyes as if they know that whatever they're looking for isn't there.

This is hopeless. There are so many kids here you can't see any of them.

Back out on the street. You jump in and crank'er up, gazing intently at an imaginary tach. You turn back onto North Street, the Broadway of the Berkshires, la Rive Gauche of the New World. You decide to trek down to Kelly's.

A noisy 1950 Hudson passes you on the right. From the window a toothless girl with teased red hair smiles at you and guffaws. You ease your car into Kelly's lot and kill the spent engine. You make a purchase at the window and return.

The night is dead. One more swing up North Street and home. What a wasted evening! Oh, well—Just wait 'til tomorrow night . . . !

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The Elusive Quality of Cool

By Gail Brogan, '65

THROUGHOUT time there have been many searches connected with youth—search for maturity, self-knowledge, and identity. Now there's a new quest. One major project of my generation is the search for cool. "Cool" is a mysterious quality almost defying classification. If you have it; it is evident. If not, you are as good as lost.

A cool one is generally sarcastic, unemotional, and inclined to mock or belittle most things. Frequent targets of cool cynicism are eagerness, emotion, optimism, and responsibility. However, one can retain all these traits and still be cool. But this type is in the minority. The average swinger thrives on a tongue-in-cheek adolescent cynicism, bolstered by slang, fads, and uniforms as manifestations of his cool. So far this quality has been defined only by examples; but this desirable, intangible cool is too elusive to be defined.

There are divergent opinions concerning just who is cool and how he shows it. The herd seems to be split roughly into three schools of thought, each with its own jargon, idols, and ethnic beliefs. They are:

1. The Diddely (or diddy) Boppers, so-called because of their standard footwear, diddely-bop boots, which are worn by both sexes. These shoes are usually boot style with low heels for the girls and high Cuban-style heels for the males. They are usually glossy black or, occasionally, candy-apple red. They are also known as Beatle-boots. Frequently, the females of this caste wear dark clothing and patterned nylons (the patterned stocking has recently been accepted by another caste), and hair is usually teased (both boys and girls). The D.A. haircut, once a trademark, is dying out, but motorcycles, another trademark, are more popular than ever. Some favorite activities of this group are hanging around on street corners, dragging, and an

occasional rumble. Cool replies: Shut-up! Oh yeah?, and Cool!

2. The pseudo-collegiate cools, or hot tickets. Man, these birds are everywhere! In sheer number they outrank the other groups. Their ranks number from junior-high-schoolers to college graduates, but membership is select and standards, rigorous. The male wears the good Weejuns (loafers), the good Adlers (wool socks), the good Gants (shirts), and—of course—levis. The female closely imitates the male lead in clothing but often is seen wearing skirts, her favorite clothing being loafers, madras anything, turtlenecks, and—of course—levis. Recently granted was permission to adopt the patterned nylons of female diddely-bop fame. (Perhaps this is a step toward unity!) For both boys and girls the correct hair style is medium-to-long tresses, straight and lustrous, with the boys taking the lead in bleaching, streaking, and tipping, etc. Favorite activities are skiing, sitting in Park Square, sitting in the library, and off-key folk singing. Cool replies: You sure are a sharp ticket! Sharp! Unbelievable! and (naturally) Cool!

Now we come to perhaps the source from whence the inspiration came. This is the third group, the beats or far-out cools. Back in their dim past some bearded patriarch, in fervent appreciation of someone or something, mouthed the term "cool" worshipfully. Hence the origin.

This group is more individualistic and intellectual than the others, mainly because the members try frantically to be so. They wear just about any clothing not worn by the other two castes and have the longest hair of all. Beards are frequently seen (on the males). Most members have a badge or other source of identity such as shoulder-length earrings, antique clothing or per-

petual sandals. These are symbols of their uniqueness. Unfortunately, the stock of symbols must be low, as they are frequently duplicated. The far-out cools delight in loud, attention-drawing, intellectual discussions, unknown entertainers, and pre-war Brooklyn folk songs. They love just about anything other people (a) don't know about (b) forgot about or (c) don't like. Cool comments: I'm confused, Who's got the grass?, and (inevitably) Cool!

There are some odd-balls that don't fit into these categories, some who are on the fringe with qualities of each group. Then there are the limbo-dwellers who live never tasting cool; who never swing out; and who are doomed to nonentity. And people who are really ultimately cool don't know it because coolness diminishes in proportion to one's own awareness of it. Maybe that's why the quality of cool is elusive.

Bog Ecology

By Michael Shaw, '65

THROUGHOUT the coniferous forests of the Northern United States and in Canada, a common feature in the landscape is a bog. The origin of such a bog may be traced back over 11,000 years to the great Ice Age. Many of these are merely undrained depressions where a mass of ice was left behind during the receding of a glacier. After the mass of ice melted, the shallow pools were invaded by aquatic and amphibious plants, thus converting them into bogs. Small shallow ponds can also become bogs. This can be done by two processes. The first is the filling in by dead plant matter, and the second by the sideward growth of water-loving plants on the shoreline.

In general, the surface of a bog resembles that of a swamp. However, a bog is distinguished from a swamp in that it is an area of moist, soggy ground usually containing peat, and always encircled by higher ground. The higher ground surrounding a bog prevents the outward flow of water, and consequently whatever materials are washed

into a bog remain there permanently. The peat deposit is formed by the decay of bog vegetation, and this plant material often builds up to great depths. Over the centuries this accumulated mass of organic matter drastically alters the development of a bog, and indirectly gives it its unique characteristics. Most bogs have a floating mat of intertwined roots and stems from the amphibious plants. The mat will grow slowly but steadily over the surface of the depression, and is often suspended over several feet of water.

The ecological relationships in a bog are controlled by one major factor. That is, the excess water trapped in the bog itself. Very little oxygen is able to diffuse through the dark water and saturated peat, and without oxygen the bacteria responsible for the decay of plants and animals can't live. Also certain organic compounds, colloids, and humic acids collect in the bog and tend to increase its acidity. This acid medium further inhibits the usual decay organisms, and forms a natural preservative for the plants and animals of earlier times.

Because the bog is comparatively infertile, the woods surrounding a bog are among the least productive in the Northern Hemisphere. In a typical bog a Black Spruce tree may be four inches in diameter and twenty feet tall, but over a century old.

Bog conditions also affect animal populations as well. Because of the limited vegetation in a bog, animals find it hard to obtain the variety of plant foods necessary for their growth and reproduction. Consequently most of the animals seen in bogs are simply visitors, who shortly move on to a more favorable habitat.

In a sense bog development never ends; it just slows down. The open water zone in a developing bog is perhaps the most lifeless to be found anywhere in coniferous forest regions of the world. It is the eerie quiet you experience while walking through a bog, that really makes you appreciate and fully understand the unique characteristics of this living book.

Beatle's Eye View

By Wayne Collins, '65

I AM ONE of those lovable creatures; one of those teenage idols. Yes, I am one of the Beatles; the rage of the stage.

"Which one are you?" you may ask. Well, friend, what's the difference? We all look alike and we all sound alike.

"What are you, exactly?" may be your next question. Well, friend, what would you say? Would you call us singers? Is that what we do? Could one possibly go so far as to call us musicians? There is a difference, you know, between musicians and instrument owners. At any rate you might say that we are entertainers.

But are we, really? When the lights go on saying "ON THE AIR" and all is hushed for a split second, and we start to go into our act, the performance on stage is nothing compared to the one that's going on in the audience.

As we hop around on stage with our hair flopping down in our eyes, we look as if we are in a complete fog and we are supposedly making fools out of ourselves. It's a pity you can't see what we see.

As we look into the audience we see the boys in their black leather jackets and with the "greasy kid stuff" in their hair. They sit there and snap their fingers in order to "really get the beat." They shake their heads much worse than we do. It seems as if the main factor in their lives is to keep in time to the music.

The girls, however, are truly the most amusing of all. As they sit there they simply are frantic. They muss up their hair, scream, dream, and swoon. One can honestly wonder if they are rational thinking human beings.

"Oh, but the joy of it all," you might say, "All that publicity and easy living."

Look, friend, do you think that we enjoy being awakened in the middle of the night and having to dress and go on stage? Do you think that we enjoy standing in front of mobs of screaming girls while we perspire

under the hot spotlights and look like a bunch of maniacs? Do you think we honestly enjoy singing songs about "love," and the "moon getting in our hair," and this sort of thing? If you think so you've got another surprise coming.

The real fun comes after the performance. The people rush upon us and we usually have to exit through a side door to escape physical injury.

Well, anyway, I have one consolation. These teenage fads do not last forever. Chances are that I may be replaced in the future by some other fad. At any rate, I have a million dollars; publicity or no publicity.

Self

By Craig Spiewak, '66

IT IS becoming more apparent to us at Pittsfield High as it is to students all over the country that the world of today and tomorrow is an increasingly complex and difficult one in which to live. This is because of the enormous increase of people and knowledge—in almost equal proportion. The rush to get into college is maddening. The late President Kennedy said that in the next ten years we would need twice as many colleges as we have today.

Recently I read in the *New York Times* that in the year 2000 the population of the world would be doubled. Between the year 1960 and 1964 humanity has gained an amount of scientific knowledge that can be equaled to that accumulated from the beginning of time to 1960. We have developed instruments which can destroy the earth in a matter of seconds. It is obvious that in order to go out into the world as adults and confront these problems and responsibilities we will have to have some source upon which to rely for strength, courage and inspiration.

This source is as old as civilization. Socrates said, "Know thyself"; Emerson said, "Trust thyself." One of the greatest and hardest things to attain is to truly know and

Continued on page 29

SHORT STORIES

in Just-spring

By Peter Danckert, '65

SO WHEN Goober called the librarian a piece of dirt she really blew up. After all, she had only asked him to raise the window. But Goober hated to be disturbed when he was writing and this time he had been composing a sonnet to Spring. This was important. Goober and I were walking home from school. As usual, he was expounding wildly.

"You didn't have to call her a piece of dirt."

"Yeah, well, she deserved it. The creative process is sacred. Nobody interrupts an artist. Especially in Spring."

Goober was right about one thing: it was Spring. Everything looked green and yellow and the air smelled like just after a twilight rain only it hardly ever rained. The sun always seemed to hit you softly in the eyes to wake you up in the morning and the birds were chirping constantly, and happily. But Goober would miss a lot of this now because of this stupid thing he had about "Holy Creativity."

Now he stopped along the road and I could tell he was warming up his engines. He got a shiny look in his eyes, started waving his hands and mouth in all directions and out came his spiel. "Look Baby, (it was always Baby, not Frank) the creative process is the cornerstone of organized civilization. Everybody creates. A doctor creates health, an artist creates beauty, a teacher can create boredom or interest, the Beatles create cool—everybody creates. Where would we be if Edison hadn't invented the light bulb; or if the Wright brothers hadn't invented the airplane; or if Alexander Graham Bell hadn't invented the telephone? I'll tell you where we'd be—nowhere. I figure why shouldn't I do my part? So I'm almost finished with my

poem and what happens? An ignorant librarian interrupts my chain of thought to tell me to open the window. It's the principle of the thing, Baby. She didn't wrong me, she wronged the Holy Act of Creation. And in Spring, too."

Goober was such a fanatic about this thing that he had "created" himself right into a month's detention. I started to think of ways to get him out of it. After all, I was his best friend. Pleading with the principal was out. He was wise to me and he was even wiser to Goober. You could tell that when he called Goober Clarence. Then there was the librarian. Yeah—the librarian! That might be worth a try. But I had my doubts about Goober. His pride supply was pretty large. I was afraid that even if I did convince him to go back and apologize, he'd flip again right in front of her. But we were almost at Goober's house so I figured I'd better suggest it to him.

"Hey Goobs."

"Yeah."

"Look. Suppose we go back to the school and you apologize to the librarian. Maybe she'll let you off."

"Are you kidding? The question is whether I'll let her off. She sinned against creativity. Why, she doesn't even know what she did. She ruined the name of Ford, of Bell, of . . ."

"Wait a minute. Hold it, will you? Just think of the nice sunny afternoons you'll miss."

"Who cares."

I tried again. "Think of the lake. It'll be warm enough for swimming soon."

"Who cares."

I was desperate. I pulled my trump card. "Think of Pattie, Goobs. Who's going to be

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walking her home? That big football player's been eyeing her lately."

This shot hit. I knew I had him.

"Okay, Baby. I'll give it a try. But if she says one tiny word against the Holy Inspiration . . ."

"She won't. She won't. Let's get going before the school closes."

Well, Goober got let off alright. He really did a job. After he apologized, he started spouting off about little birds and yellow, waving flowers and soft breezes until the librarian was so touched she was ready to cry. While she was walking him to the door, she said he ought to be a poet. I could see his eyes start to glaze so I hustled him out before he could say a word.

So now everything's great. Goober is free and things are back to normal. Only one thing is wrong.

I've got a month's detention for interrupting the librarian.

Little Earth

By Bruce Goguen, '65

AUGUST 29, 1987—Today begins our first day on the new frontier. The temperature is -273 degrees centigrade in the shade and 459.7 degrees centigrade in direct sunlight. We are situated in a valley located at about 47 degrees longitude and 30 degrees latitude.

As we reflect on our 275,210 mile voyage, which took roughly forty-seven hours and nineteen minutes, we recall that the United States was about to launch its force of high-yield hydrogen bomb ICBM's against the Soviet Union in retaliation for their unwarranted, but inevitable attack. It was predicted that the Earth, after the bombs were dropped, would be nothing but a big ball of fire. Thus the reason for our departure; to preserve a part of mankind. Our small group of twenty people, as far as we know, is now the only human life in the Universe.

August 29, 1997 (ten years later)—With the combined heat of the white hot Earth

and the Sun, the temperature in the light is approximately 500 degrees centigrade. Because of these high temperatures, many mutations have taken place among the 793 members of the population of "Little Earth." These mutations are developing a race far superior to anything that ever existed on Earth. Our men are developing into supermen eight feet tall.

It looks, at this point, as though "Little Earth" will eventually become a vastly rich empire. Our natural resources will last at least ten million years. Our science is progressing at an amazing rate. Our food supply is increasing every day. We just might make it; only time will tell.

The Captain of the Sea

By Patti Baker, '67

AS THE old sea captain stepped off the plank of the ship, he immediately caught my attention because of the furious and blazing look in his eyes. Obviously something was bothering him. Not only were his nostrils quivering, but the bridge of his nose and his forehead were heavily charted with wrinkles. His face, craggy and weary from the day at sea was stained with dirt and sweat from the old vessel. Ruddy thick lips held the mouthpiece of his cornpipe as the smoke circled round it. As he puffed heavily, his short, stubby whiskers became stained with pipe juice and, being exposed to the wind and the sun had caused his skin to darken to a bronze color. His hands were also of this nature, but they also carried the scent and slime of the fish catch for the day.

A shredded shirt lying on his back and the baggy pants accented the man's appearance. His beret, although not stylish, did keep what hair the sailor had from getting sun bleached. As he limped away, the captain of the sea looked as if he carried the weight of the world on his drooping head and shoulders.

The Worm and I

By Judy Nadleburg, '65

AS I STEPPED out the door to begin the walk down the hill to the bus stop, I felt that this was going to be a particularly fine day. We were in the midst of a January thaw (which, as usual, had arrived in February), the sun was beginning to warm the air, and the snow had all but disappeared. Viewing this heartening scene and knowing that I had no tests to take or make up this day, I blithely started on my way to the bus. As I walked, dodging several cars which insisted on taking up both sides of the road, I was aware of something unusual astir. I looked slowly about, puzzled. There were the same sleepy houses, the same scampering businessmen late for work, and even the neighbor's little boy out again with his pajamas on. All seemed perfectly natural. Then I saw it, a small dot on the sidewalk ahead. For some reason I resented this small speck, so wonderfully out of place; but, feeling that this emotion was uncalled-for, I decided to find out what it actually was that had dared shake my daily secure walk down the hill. I crept forward, oblivious to the looks from passing motorists, determined to face this small something. Closer and closer until—there it was, all coiled up like a miniature adder, a worm.

Now, most girls, myself included, consider worms particularly repulsive, especially on a sidewalk a mere foot from their boots, but this was a worm like no other I had ever seen. He wasn't particularly long or fat, but he had a bright chartreuse band around his neck and, upon closer inspection, the most expressive eyes I have ever seen in a worm. I decided, upon reflection, that he must be a philosopher, for what other worm in his right mind would venture out in February? He stood coiled proudly and surveyed the scenery with a slightly haughty, somewhat standoffish stare. He looked lost. Then as though aware of an annoying obstruction to his surveyance, my worm-philosopher (or

worm philosopher, if you wish) lifted his head, uncoiled his body, and gazed intently into my face.

"What are you doing here?" I asked resentfully. I had at this point decided that my resentment was warranted.

He merely smiled.

"You're not supposed to be here. You're not to come up till spring. Just who do you think you are, coming up before you're supposed to!" By this time I was on my hands and knees, shouting at the little thing.

He looked up at me. "Girl—I believe that's what your type is called—why should I not be here? I became increasingly more tired of the underground each day: you don't know how nagging my family can become after a long confinement. Now I have come up to see what other animals do during the winter and you (he put a nasty sneer to it) have the nerve to ask me why I am here!" He had a deep rolling bass voice.

"But . . ."

"So far I have been nearly trodden upon by four species similar to you with big black boots and monstrous green bags, I have been sniffed at by something a human called a Rover, and I have been close to drowning in this miserable water three times. But you look no better."

This last remark cut me to the heart. The fact that I had also been hit by a book bag, approached by a Rover, and sprayed by passing cars put me on an equal plane with this worm. I looked down at him. "Worm," I said, "you are the philosopher, not I. What do you expect from mere humans? Go back to your family." But he was not to be defeated. As I quickly looked down the hill and saw my bus go by, he defiantly inched away, pushing pebbles from his path as he did so.

"Here is a great worm," I thought, shouldering my green book bag and trudging on in my big black boots.

FEBRUARY, 1965

A Vignette

By Colleen O'Gara, '66

MY HEART was heavy as I woke up to the flash of lightning, crashing of thunder, and rain beating down upon me. The birds that had been flying and chirping merrily about on the previous day were nowhere to be seen. In fact, it was hard to believe that there had been a yesterday at all because of the sudden change in nature. The lake had been calm and the swans were able to swim about happily. Now, because of the roaring wind and rain, there were high waves on the lake and the swans were nowhere to be seen. I moved under a tree for protection from the rain and tried to lose myself in thought. Soon the rain diminished, and after a time the sun came out. The heaviness in my heart dropped and I became excited with the fact that maybe the beautiful swans would return once more. In a matter of minutes the sun was shining brightly. I really began to understand the fact that nature is most beautiful after a storm!

The water was calm and peaceful now, sparkling in the bright sunlight. Sure enough (just as I had hoped), the swans started to come gliding over the water. I watched the beautiful sight with anxiety for I knew it could not last forever. Soon the sun went under a cloud and the swans started to swim away. There was still one remaining though. It seemed to be the most graceful one of them all and I thrilled at watching it glide over the water. I was happy watching this beautiful bird, but suddenly I realized this swan was not happy. The swan seemed to be searching for something. As the thunder and rain began again the swan frantically looked for what I thought must have been a lost loved one. The swan knew she must go back to the others, but she was determined not to leave alone. At last the swan saw what she was looking for on the far corner of the lake! The two swans met and together they portrayed peace and love so completely per-

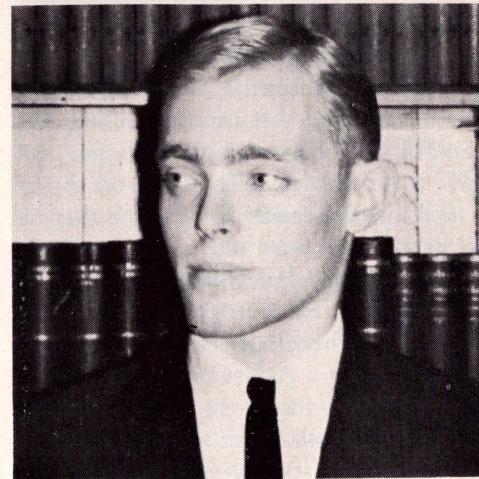
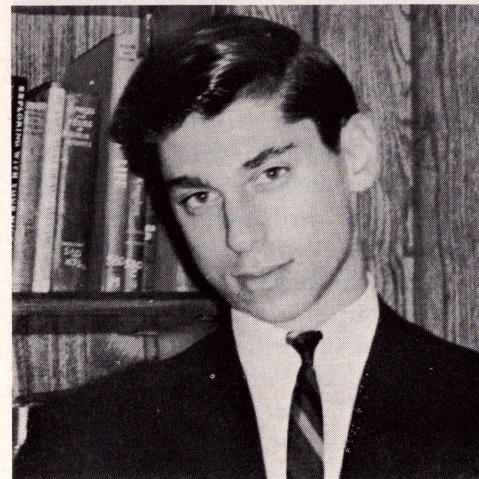
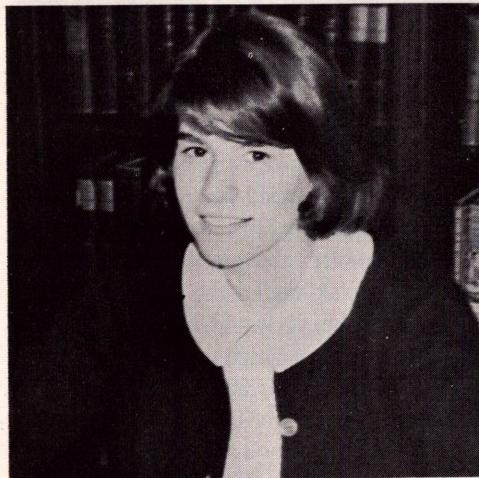
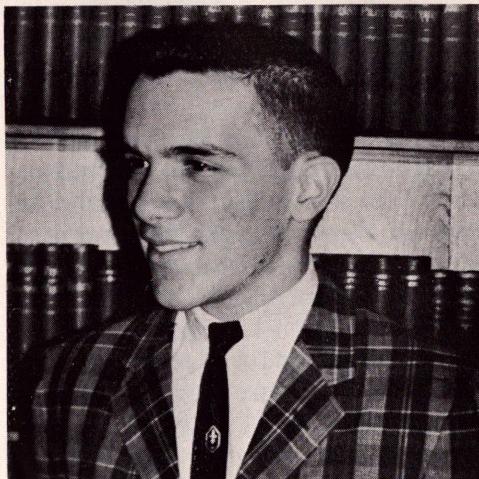
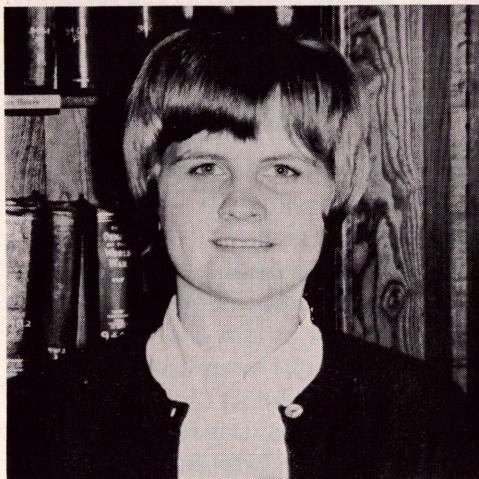
fect that it could only be found in nature. As the rain began to come heavier now, they swam away hurriedly to find the others.

Futility

By Bruce Bookless, '65

NOTHING moved. No breeze stirred, no bird sang, no horse pranced, no insect moved, and no man talked. He just sat there on his horse and stared across the field. He was a knight, or at least that was his title, because right at the moment he didn't quite feel like one. As he sat there, he tried to liken himself to something familiar, anything to keep his mind away from thoughts of things to come. His sweat ran in rivers down his back and legs, and oozed out the bottom of his slippers. A boiled goose, yes, that was it, a boiled goose. As he sat under the hot sun he grew more and more bitter. The whole idea was pure stupidity. Sitting on a fleabitten nag, encased in an oven of armor, under a blistering sun waiting. Waiting, waiting, forever waiting. Waiting for one knight to break under the strain. Well, it wouldn't be he, it would be the other. He laughed a short high-pitched hysterical laugh. He could wait forever, yes, that was it. Forever and ever and ever. Then he laughed the same laugh again and shuddered. He screamed a long blood-curdling scream and urged his horse forward. He said to himself, Ah, here be rules, but I know but one—to dash against mine enemy and to win. At a slow, drunken trot the once proud charger staggered across the field. Again the knight laughed to himself. He had caught the other off guard for his lance was pointed in the wrong direction. At last, glory would be his! Then the knight struck, and the old rotted wagon yielded easily under the sudden pressure and tumbled over the edge of the cliff followed by the old charger and the knight. And nothing moved. No breeze stirred, no bird sang, no horse pranced, no insect moved, and . . . no man talked.

WHO'S WHO



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AND WHY

KAREN BONNIVIER

Karen Bonnivier (alias "Moo") is a very active senior at P.H.S. This year she is the assistant treasurer of the senior class, a member of G.A.A. and an active participant of the Pep Club. In her previous high school years, Karen has been a homeroom representative, a member of the Student Council, and chairman of the Reception Committee for the Junior Prom. Karen is not too busy to think about her future and plans to attend college after graduation.

DENNIS CAPITANIO

Meet Dennis Capitanio, this year's Class Treasurer. Dennis, a College Prep student, is in Math and Science honors. He is an active member of the Pep Club and track team. He is also the co-editor of the language department of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, and is on the staff of the school paper, *In General*. Next fall he plans to attend college.

ROSEMARY BROWN

Here is Rosemary Brown, an active and popular senior. In her junior year, she was elected Secretary of that class. She was homeroom representative as a sophomore and a junior, and this year she is on the Student Council and the Senior Class Council, as well as being the co-chairman of the Senior Banquet. Now in the commercial course, Rosemary plans to attend Morse College in the fall.

DIANNE CURLEY

A very familiar member of P.H.S. is Dianne Curley, an active college prep senior. Dianne was in English and Science honors in her sophomore year. She has been a member of the Pep Club, orchestra, G.A.A., and has participated in all after school sports for three years. She has been on the G.A.A. board for the past two years. Besides all these activities, Dianne is co-editor of Girls' Sports for *THE PEN*, and is on *The Dome* staff.

JEFF NICHOLSON

Meet Jeff Nicholson, a prominent and active senior. Jeff, a College Prep student, besides being co-editor of the Art Department of *THE PEN*, was co-chairman of the 1964 Christmas Pageant. Also he is a member of the Choraleers and a homeroom treasurer. Jeff was a member of the jayvee baseball team for the past two seasons, and as a junior served as a member of both the Ring and Junior Prom Publicity Committees. Jeff is already set concerning his college plans. He has been accepted at Eastern Baptist College.

RICHARD ADLER

Richard Adler is an active member of the senior class. Besides being a National Merit semi-finalist, he is co-editor of Alumni Notes for *THE PEN*, a member of the Senior Class Council, Rally Committee, and History Committee of the yearbook. Richard, who is taking Math and Science honors, plans to attend Tufts College in the fall.

POETRY

DEATH

By Anne Marie DeFelippo, '65

In the cold of the winter
A tall oak tree stands
Bent from the wind of age
And burdened with several blankets
of snow.

Its limbs,
Once straight, strong, and silent
Now withered from weather
Shiver, . . . crack, . . . snap, . . .
and break.

Its dry, dreary trunk,
Ungraceful and ugly,
Falls forward . . . helplessly
 . . . Upon the icy ground . . .
. . . And dies.

THE TERRACE OVER THE SEA

By Mark Schlawin, '65

First he strokes a tentative scale
His golden piano throbs.
The glass doors swing lightly.
The bright sun splashing on the set stones
And on the polished piano
Also the fresh sea air
Worry the instrument.

But this is the moment of harmony
The moment of insight—
He can judge the faintest arpeggio
But the delicate wash of pebbles in the clean
water.

From the terrace, high above the sea,
The young maestro practices for the listeners
Who smile at the sandal-footed prodigy.
Suddenly the master stops;
There is someone on the rocks he knows.

THE HERMIT

By Pamela Mason, '65

Another day has passed me by.
I know not where it went.
It left me blue, I want to cry,
A wasted day I've spent.

I live a life of hopes and dreams,
Eternally do I pray.
Endless hours I wait, it seems,
But he will come someday.

Reality, I cannot face,
I'm safe within my mind.
I do not wish life's hectic pace,
To earthly facts, I'm blind.

An outer shell protects me well,
I am not harmed at all.
I hide within myself, they tell,
To await a coming call.

JUDGMENT

By Stephen Rosenbaum, '65

Massive structures rise
to pierce the horizon.
Architectural marvels
vie for prestige.
New vistas of height,
and power arise
While underneath
there is only baseness
in you and I
Who profess tolerance
and equality,
but look the other way.
A massive bell tolls
the death knell.
The hour is near.
"Man!
Put away your world!
The game is over!"

FEBRUARY, 1965

BUT ONE . . .

By Pamela Mason, '65

A heart cannot be given twice.
It only loves but one.
'Tis torn apart for want of two,
And such cannot be done.

I think my heart to be in love,
For no one will suffice,
Except the one for whom it beats,
My heart is his device.

Other souls claim they're in love,
And ask that I be theirs.
My heart's been given as a whole,
It does not come in shares.

Although my heart is not received,
With love, or tended to,
Forever will its hope live on,
By thought of "I love you."

I cannot give my heart away,
No longer is it mine.
It's also part of someone else.
To live, it intertwined.

My heart is hopeful, patient, true,
Believes in what it's found;
Willing and able when comes the call,
To give a love profound.

People do not know my self,
And think no love I feel.
I do not wish to show my heart,
O'erflowing with love so real.

Although my heart remains unknown,
I've given it with love,
And hope its owner finds it soon,
With help from one above.

NIGHT

By Suzanne Carapellucci, '67

Dark, mysterious, and eerie is night
When the stars are not turned on.
It makes one think that God is punishing
The world for all its wrong.

MEMORIES

By Helen Kittler, '65

Memories are strange things,
they are vague,
some are all but forgotten
then some small thing
a voice in the street
the rustle of a breeze,
the smell of new hay,
brings back the pain
that is trying to destroy
my happiness.

An old song,
a familiar face,
the sound of laughter,
or the lonely cry of a hound,
stops my smile before it begins
just a moment,
for a memory.

FAITH CALLS

By Pamela Mason, '65

For what has seemed a lifetime,
I've waited, hoped, and prayed.
My faith has never ceased to be,
Although my heart has strayed.

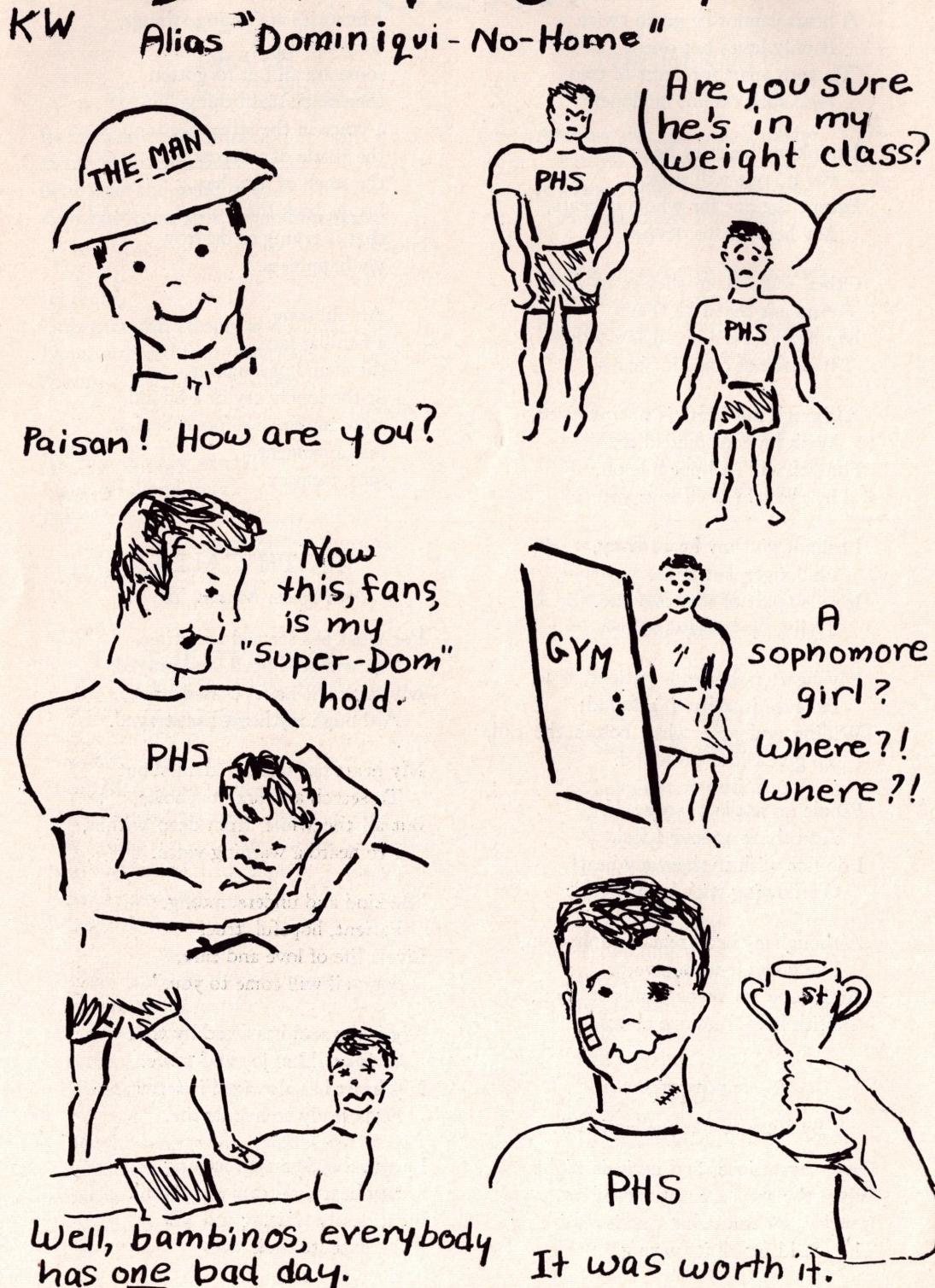
My heart has wandered all about
To search and find its choice,
But all the while, from deep within,
I've heard a warning voice.

"Be kind and understanding,
Patient, hopeful, true,
Live a life of love and care,
Soon all will come to you."

My inner soul has faced by trial
This world of joy and strife.
My heart has also aged it seems,
Feels ready to live its life.

I sense the time approaching,
My heart and soul stand still.
Breathlessly waiting and able,
To execute their will.

WRESTLING WALLY



FEBRUARY, 1965

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SCHOOL NOTES

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council of Pittsfield High School has elected its officers. They are: senior Dominic Caparello, President; junior Peter Spina, Vice-President; junior Kathy Porter, Secretary; sophomore Pat Flynn, Assistant Secretary; and sophomore Shaun Harrington, Treasurer.

The Council, itself, is the executive body of the school. Its duties are varied, including setting up rules and procedures in student activities and sending delegates to different functions, among others. In essence, it is the main governing body of the school and probably the most important organization of it.

Thus far in this school year the Council has conducted the collection for the Santa Toy Fund and sent a delegate to the Jewish War Veterans' Convention. Also, a proposed amendment for establishing a separate treasury for the Council was approved almost unanimously by the homeroom representatives.

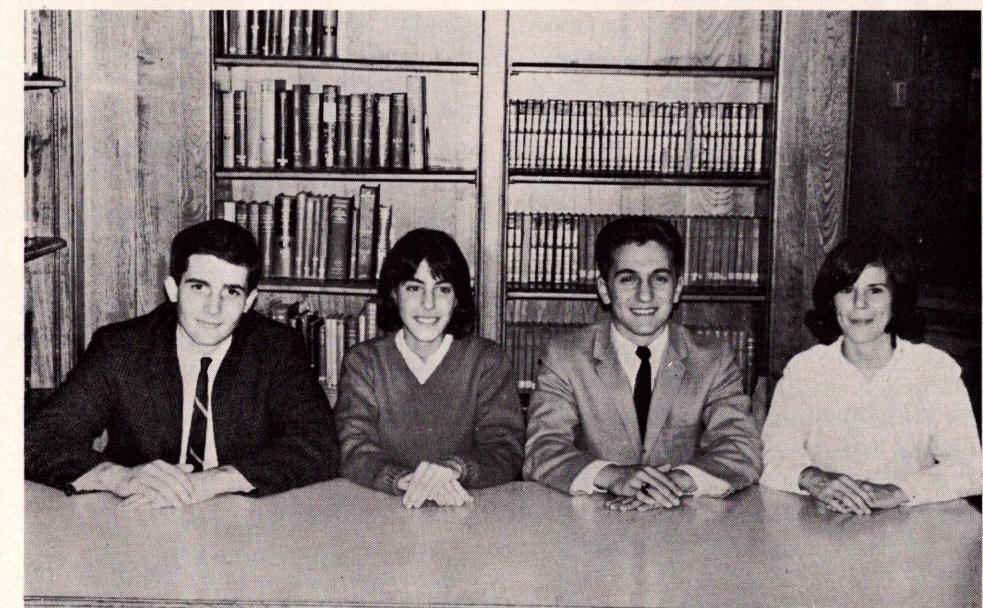
In the spring the Council plans joining the Western Massachusetts High School Student Councils. Too, a delegate to the Daughters of American Revolution and a student-faculty basketball game are anticipated for the spring.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

This year's Christmas Pageant was a change of pace from the usual tableau scenes. Although the tableau scenes appeared, they were incorporated into the play—*Christmas Around the World*.

Under the direction of Mrs. Susich, the cast included Pam Beehler, Shane Havener, Dom Caparello, Bill McCauley, John Finn, Nancy Geoffrion, Judy Congress, Dave LaHue, and the members of the tableau scenes.

Nancy Ziskin, Chairman of the pageant, had as a staff: Kevyn Smith—Costumes, Maria DeGeoris — Make-up, Dave Glodt — Stage Crew, John Massouras — Props, Ray Callahan—Program.



STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS. Left to right: Peter Spina, Vice-President; Pat Flynn, Assistant Secretary; Dominic Caparello, President; and Kathy Porter, Secretary. Shaun Harrington, Treasurer, was not present for the picture.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AT P.H.S.

A radical change took place at P.H.S. Our once plain, dreary lobby was turned into a Christmas wonderland. As one entered it, the first sight one saw was a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree. To the right of the Christmas tree was a mural of Santa Claus busily writing out his Christmas list. On the outside of the school, Santa and his reindeer were getting ready to take off and wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas.

WASHINGTON OR BUST

It's that time again, and don't be surprised if purple-suited workers ask you to buy everything from candy to tooth brushes. They're only the band members trying to raise \$5,000 by April to go to the Cherry Blossom Festival in Washington, D. C.

Several projects have been advanced to raise the needed money. Tooth brushes have already been sold, which brought the band about \$800. Candy has been sold, and a Christmas dance held.

A hootenanny is planned for January 23, in the P.H.S. auditorium. Music for the folk festival will be by many area folk performers and folk groups, headed by The Brighton Three-O, a professional group from Stockbridge, and the Coachmen, a popular group from Williams College.

DECA

DECA, or Distributive Education Clubs of America, are formed by the retail sales classes, and are designed to develop future marketing and retailing leaders. The P.H.S. DECA Club usually has 100% membership, with almost all of the retail sales classes participating in it. Some of DECA's activities include listening to guest speakers talk on retail sales, and touring stores. This year, most of these tours will take place after January.

For the second year, the members of DECA are holding a candy sale, sponsored by Fanny Farmer candies. The money obtained

from this sale will enable some P.H.S. students to attend DECA's annual convention in Boston, where this school has won honors in previous years.

CROSBY CLUBS

The sophomores at Crosby spend their "B-Period" time in useful clubs. Among these clubs are the Modern Algebra and Police Clubs.

The director of the Police Club is Mr. Perenich. In attendance are about twenty male sophomores.

The discussion is led by Mr. Perenich. He relates information concerning the operation, duties, and techniques employed by the police force.

Questions are asked by members. Mr. Perenich points out the necessity of alertness and accurate observation. He emphasizes that people often distort whom and what they see, without realizing it. He points out the qualifications for the position of a policeman.

The club members plan to visit the local police station; watch the men in action; observe the teletype machine as it relays messages—about the weather conditions or crime—; and examine a police squad car.

In another room the Modern Algebra Club—directed by Miss Hopper—helps to provide extra help for those students who wish assistance.

About fifteen interested sophomores attend the extra help meetings.

Miss Hopper leads the informal discussions, and confused students put forth pertinent questions. The reasons for learning this form of math are discussed. Members go over class material in depth. The purpose of the club is to produce a greater understanding of Modern Algebra among the students.

* * * * *

BLOODHOUND FOR SALE—What am I offered for a one-year-old? Beautiful animal, gentle, good watchdog. Will eat anything and especially fond of children.

FEBRUARY, 1965

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FEATURES

MODERN HAMLET

Presenting excerpts from the newest translation of Shakespeare's immortal *Hamlet*.

"O my prophetic soul!"

I told you we'd have the test today.

"These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears."

A 20,000 word term paper due next Friday!

"The play's the thing."

Why did Shakespeare have to write this anyway?

"How comes it—do they grow rusty?"

Senior girls no longer have gym.

"O, there has been much throwing about of brains."

That biology class is really getting wild!

"Take you me for a sponge, my lord?"

All I want is money for milk.

"Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue."

Do you or don't you want to go out Friday night!

"Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

Who's smoking on the grounds?

"Then is doomsday near."

Report cards are out in a week.

"But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion."

I guess it's time to break out the *Clearasil*.

"Let me not burst in ignorance."

For once in my life I'd like to pass a trig test.

"Be rul'd—you shall not go."

No Library Passes this period.

"Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold."

Uh, Mom, I got another deficiency.

"As it is common for the younger sort to lack discretion."

Typical sophomores.

"Where wilt thou lead me? Speak—I'll go no further."

I don't want to get caught going down the "up stairs."

DEAR HERMIONE

Dear Hermione,

My mother always tells me I have poor posture. I try to explain it's because of the weight of my book bag. Is there any way to remedy this situation?

Tipsy

Dear Tipsy,

So you're the one who's been stealing all the silverware from the cafe.

Love,

Hermione

Dear Hermione,

Being a junior, I have the acute feeling of verbal inferiority while conversing with the intellectual and erudite members of the senior class. Relying on your astute sense of human relations, I put to you this problem and petition you for any useful assistance which you may wish to convey.

Inferior One

Dear Inferior One,

Sorry, I'm a senior.

Love,

Hermione

Dear Hermione,

I have invited a boy to the G.A.A. dance and would like to know if there's anything I can do to insure a perfect evening.

Perfectionist

Dear Perfectionist,

Find out if he has a tall, dark, handsome friend, my number is 491630.

Love,

Hermione

Dear Hermione

What's the best way to meet a football player here at school?

New at P.H.S.

Dear New at P.H.S.,

Join the team!

Love,

Hermione

Dear Hermione,

I am a sophomore and have wanted to meet Tom Grieve since the beginning of school. Any suggestions?

Anxious

Dear Anxious,

Join the club. Pick up your number in 008.

Love,

Hermione

CASEY'S COLUMN

Hello, again! A great winter is passing and an even greater (we hope) spring is coming.

Even though many things change I doubt very much these people will . . . Cliffie will always be trying to make up his mind . . . Dick Arienti will still insist he no longer likes a certain SJHS cheerleader . . . Steve Garbowitz will try earnestly to persuade people that history is "a big fake" . . . Charlene will always like preppy boys . . . and Rosnichelle will continue to go for the St. Joe variety . . . George Fulginiti will go right on playing hopscotch . . . Gail Danckert will always be understanding . . . Shaun Tucker will keep on liking older girls and Wendy will yearn for younger boys . . . Don Roy will never stop being unique. Oh well.

Doesn't it make you sick that while we're here slaving away the college kids are cultivating a tan in Florida . . . Little Pat should watch her shoes—they have a strange way of ending up on top of moving cars . . . By the way, Marty got a pretty nice Christmas present . . . A popular pastime is having your fortune told with cards—Barb Conti is an expert . . . Mike Makes' basement is really stocked—ask him! . . . sophomores Judy and Joyce had a hard time deciding whom to

ask to the G.A.A. dance . . . Bumper Stimpson has quite a collection of ski-patrol tales, we hear . . . Greg Gimblette has his hands full with those skiing New Yorkers (ugh!).

Chris Eulian's Fun comes home on weekends . . . ah, me! I wish certain people would stop pestering poor old Casey—they insist that I print something scandalous about myself, just to be fair, you know . . . They don't realize that Casey can do no wrong . . .

See you in June!

Sean O'Casey

IDEAL JUNIOR—GIRL

HAIR—Kathy Porter

SMILE—Kathy Porter

EYES—Joan Bilia

FIGURE—JoAnn Duff

CLOTHES—Tina Leslie

BEAUTY—Tina Leslie

BRAINS—Alice McInerny

SOCIABILITY—Kathy Conry

HUMOR—Ann Ruberto

VERSATILITY—Kathy Conry

IDEAL JUNIOR—BOY

HAIR—Dale Mitchell

SMILE—Mitch Massaconi

EYES—Dale Mitchell

BUILD—Tom Grieve

CLOTHES—Jimmy Albano

LOOKS—Tom Grieve

BRAINS—Joe Bernardo

SOCIABILITY—Bill Bannick

HUMOR—Bill Broderick

VERSATILITY—Tom Grieve



"BEFORE YOU GO PLEASE PART
YOUR BANGS—I FORGOT
WHAT COLOR YOUR EYES ARE"

SA

FEBRUARY, 1965

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BOYS' SPORTS

P.H.S. BASKETBALL

The P.H.S. Basketball Squad, under Coach Moynihan, looks to the second half of the basketball season with hope and inspiration. Faced with inexperience problems and tough luck, the team won only 2 of its first 5 league games after completing a 3-3 exhibition record. After vaulting to a 2-0 league record with wins over Mt. Greylock and Wachaconah Regionals, the Generals fell before St. Joe (N.A.), Drury, and St. Joe (P.). Coach Moynihan's group is confident it can stop the likes of these teams the second time around, and rightly so. P.H.S. lost to St. Joe (N.A.) in the final minute of play after leading throughout the contest. Drury, St. Joe (P.), and Adams were termed as the "teams to beat."

Pittsfield almost overcame a tremendous deficit only to fall short in the final minute against Drury.

Facing city-rival St. Joe, the Generals displayed excellent spirit and offensive and defensive prowess early in the game before a packed house at the Boys' Club. In fact, P.H.S. led most of the first half and well into the second half before the attack sputtered and St. Joe's gained momentum. Never did our boys give up, valiantly fighting to the end. The final score was 63-55 with St. Joe's on top, but the result was in doubt right up to the final minutes of the last quarter. High scorers for P.H.S. were Johnny Johnson with 16, Ron Kasuba with 15 and co-captain Ray Millard with 10.

We'd like to wish the squad good luck from here on in with the hope that some of those close decisions will be reversed.

Sophomore Don Marchetto. Both of these boys are also members of the Boys' Club swimming team. There are no seniors on the team and Jim Bushey is the only returning letterman. Comprising the remainder of the squad are: Paul Therrien, John Stephens, Paul Forman, John Allen, Gary Studley, and Freddie Young.

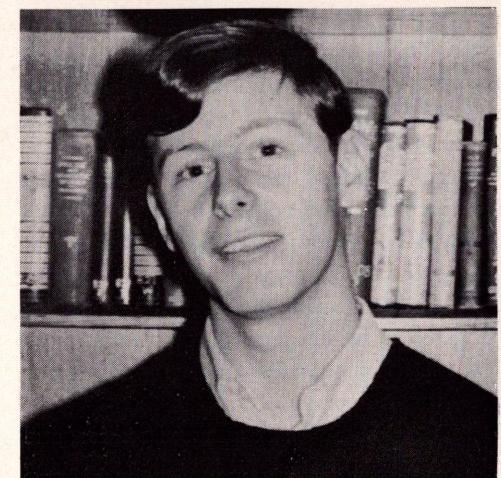
The team will swim at scheduled meets at Williston Academy, Hotchkiss Prep, Deerfield Academy, and at New Lebanon Central High School. All totaled there will be approximately twenty scheduled meets.

The coach of the swimming team is Tom Dellert.

SKI CAPTAIN

Peter Robbie, captain of this year's P.H.S. Ski Team, is a two-year veteran and a returning letterman. Peter is also a letterman before the snow comes and after it goes. Fall finds him absorbed in varsity soccer, and during the Spring he is an ardent trackman.

Peter is in the College Preparatory course and does honors English work. He is an assistant editor of the yearbook and upon graduation he hopes to enter Dartmouth.



SWIMMING TEAM

This year's swimming team will carry out its campaign with two underclassmen as co-captains. They are Junior Jim Bushey and



HOCKEY CO-CAPTAINS

This year the hockey team is being led by Mike Massacanni and Don Rochello. Both have been outstanding during their 3-year tenure on the team.

Mike has played both defense and offense as a member of the team. He was also a half-back for the P.H.S. football team, and is a pitcher for the varsity baseball squad. He is a commercial student.

Don has been a defenseman during his 3 years on the hockey team and is enrolled in the vocational course at P.H.S.

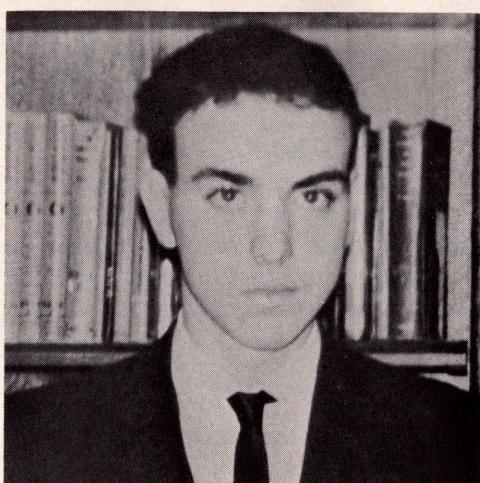
The staff wishes both boys and their team the best of luck in the Western Mass. High School Hockey League.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

The male population of Pittsfield High will again be able to look forward to a well rounded year of intramural sports, thanks to the efforts of physical education coaches, Rudy Benedetti and George Sylvester.

Coach Sylvester recently concluded heading up a three-week volleyball season in which nearly seventy boys participated. But this is only the beginning as the winter months open. Ever-increasing in popularity, wrestling promises to have a large turnout. The more enthusiastic candidates are now working out daily in the gym.

Basketball will be beginning its third, and hopefully, most successful campaign following

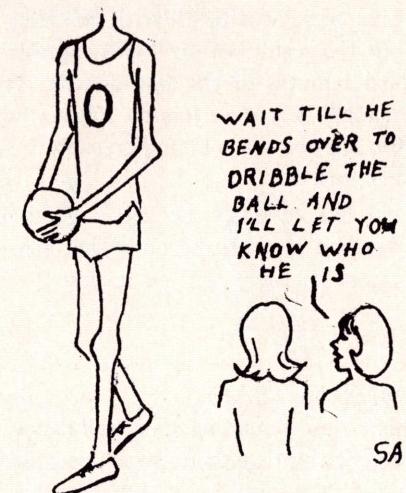


the Christmas holidays. Coach Sylvester looks for his biggest turnout here. Already, seven team rosters have been submitted and more are expected. Both Coaches Sylvester and Benedetti plan to officiate league games.

And the expanding intramural program will encompass two new activities this year—namely, handball and in the spring, track.

So, regardless of how one's athletic interests range, it would appear that he has been well taken care of by our fine physical department.

There are several good five-cent cigars on the market, but they are sold at higher prices.



SA

GIRLS' SPORTS

ROUND ROBIN VOLLEYBALL

During the month of December 163 girls participated in the Round-Robin Volleyball Tournament. For 2½ weeks 12 teams played every day. At the end of that time teams 9 and 12 were tied for first place; each had won 10 and lost 1. After a hard-fought game, team 12 became the champion.

The girls on this team were: co-captains Linda Ramsey and Linda Procopio, Chris Stychinski, Fran Barbarotta, Sandy LaBlue, Carole Selin, Joyce Martin, Linda Mansfield, Ann Premerlani, and Carol Johnson.

The members of the runner-up team were co-captains Chris Eulian and Chris White, Linda Williamson, Colleen Termohlen, Alice Fessler, Peggy Weston, and Pat Kowalczyk.

G.A.A. VALENTINE DANCE

With Chris Eulian acting as Chairman Cupid, the G.A.A. Valentine Dance was a rosy success. The theme, *Land o' Hearts*, was a very hearty one, and all the fellows and girls had a real valen-time. If you didn't go this year, get out your sugary bow-and-arrow and be ready to go next time to one of the year's red-heartiest events. It's heart-warming!

BASKETBALL

The seniors think they have this bouncing season all scored up with Stretch Shirley, but the juniors smugly smirk that Jetty June will foul them up, while the sunken sophomores are hiding their star Stella Standout. Come out and see these marvels dribbling your class on to victory.

GIRLS' TIP FOR THE MONTH:

If you can't catch a boy with demure sighs, flashy clothes, sweet perfume, and dropped hankies—use our sports equipment! A hockey stick, a catcher's glove, a volleyball net, and a sporting lunge should do it.

VOLLEYBALL

The Varsity and Junior Varsity teams were chosen before the Christmas vacation. During the first two weeks of January, the teams played.

Those chosen for the Varsity teams were: Seniors—Marguerite Geer, Chris Eulian, Janet Richards, Paulette Pariselli, Fran Duda, Patti Johnston, Manzelle Harrington, Laura Allessio, Joann Cadorette, Diane Curley, and Mary Whitman.

The Junior Varsity included: Christine White, Linda Williamson, Coleen Termohlen, Nancy Bogle, Doreen Broschard, Barb Conti, Estelle Taliaferro, Sue Gifford, Mary Gilson, Sandy LaBlue, Linda Procopio and Fran Barbarotta.

Those selected for the Sophomore Varsity were: Ann Majchrowski, Pat Kowalczyk, Joyce Martin, Ann Premerlani, Candy Grieve, Beverly Lavalle, Sue Boyington, Nancy Lancia and Terry Borden.

A mountain range is a cooking stove used at high altitudes.



JM



G.A.A. OFFICERS. Left to right: Fran Duda, Treasurer; Patti Johnston, President; Chris Eulian, Vice-President, and Kathy Conry, Secretary.

G.A.A. PRESIDENT

G.A.A. President, Patti Johnston, is an all-round girl. Active in school affairs, she is a Cadette, editor of the Girls' Sports of the yearbook, and Girls' vice-president for both her junior and senior year. She has been a homeroom representative for two years also. Popular and well-liked, we are proud to congratulate Patti for winning the annual Brotherhood Award from the Jewish War Veterans (J.F.W.) for her service to the community.

G.A.A. VICE-PRESIDENT

Zooming down the hall, running into classes—here she is, Chris Eulian. Chris has been active in Pep Club for three years and after-school sports. A Cadette, Chris is also a senior leader at the Girls Club and homeroom treasurer here at P.H.S. Chris did a beautiful job as chairman of the Valentine Dance; is co-editor of Girls' Sports for *In General*, and is a great kid. G.A.A. is proud to have Chris as V.P.

* * * * *

FOR SALE—Large crystal vase by lady slightly cracked.

G.A.A. SECRETARY

Here's our junior officer, Kathy Conry, active both in and out of school. One of our jayvee cheerleaders, Kathy is also a member of Pep Club and the Girls' Sports staff of THE PEN. Always on the go, Kathy is able to carry Honors English and Science, and is a senior leader at the Girls Club. Kathy's plans are indefinite, but they're aiming at college.

G.A.A. TREASURER

The girl with all the money is Fran. Besides being able to keep the books, she participates in the Advanced Placement Biology course and is the Girls' Sports co-editor for THE PEN. Always active in sports after school, Fran is also on the current events staff of *In General* and on the Honor staff of *The Dome*. We wish Fran the best of luck in years to come.

FEBRUARY, 1965

LANGUAGES

Toute la nature etait ensevelie d'une couverture blanche quand, un soir, j'ai ete pris du desir de sonder en hiver une petite vallee a quelques kilometres de ma maison. Au fond de ce vallon se precipitait un ruisseau qui, de temps en temps a cette saison, se recouvrait de glace. Je me suis aventuré dans le crepuscule. Avant de gagner ce ruisseau, il a fallu que je traverse un grand champ dans lequel se trouvait plusieurs rochers enormes qui avaient l'air de quelques grands trones. Plus d'un metre de neige legere rendait ma tache presqu'impossible, mais je suis arrive enfin aux rochers. En m'approchant de ceux-ci, j'ai ete etonne d'apercevoir, assis sur un amas de neige et abrite par l'immensite de la roche, un garcon de ma taille, aux cheveux roux, qui lisait un livre, "La Poesie de Dylan Thomas," a haute voix. En reconnaissant mon ami Richard, je me suis assis aupres de lui, mais ma presence a detruit l'image creee par les derniers mots que j'avais surpris, "L'hiver est calme. L'hiver est solitude."

EIN STUDENTS FERIEN

Mein Vater, der ein Deutscher ist, besucht auf die Universitat in Heidelberg. Oiesen Sommer, fuhr er mit zwei Freunden in Spanien, Sardinien, die Schweiz, und Frankreich. Als er mir schrieb, sagte er viel eiber seine Reise. Hier ist ein Leil seines Briefs.

"Unsre Spanienreise war wunderbar, aber leider za kurz. Mein Freund bekam das Auto seines Vaters zur 17 Fage lang. Wir zelbten zu dritt bei Calella direkt am Meer, 50 km

von Barcelona entfernt. Da ich sehr gern tauche, machte ich Zagd auf Seeigel, die zu hunderten an den Felsen sassen, in 5 bis 10 m Tiefe. Ausserdem, gab es die schonsten Fische zu bewundern. Einen Tag, waren wir in Barcelona. Wir hatten jedoch keine Gelegenheit, einen Sherkampf zu sehen. In Frankreich, haben wir uns nicht ausgehalten. Auf der Rückfahrt, waren wir noch zwei Tage in der Schweiz. Leider hat es zu dieser Geit geregnet. Aber, hatten wir schone Ferien gehabt.

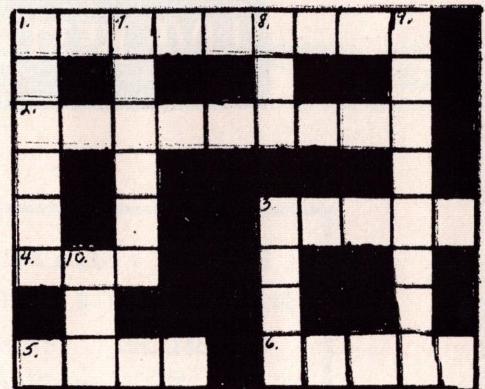
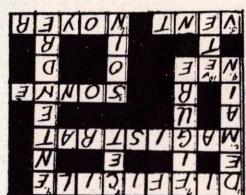
FRENCH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

- 1 hard
- 2 magistrate
- 3 past part. to ring
- 4 elle est (born)
- 5 wind
- 6 to drown

Down

- 1 tomorrow
- 3 care
- 7 face
- 8 this (homme)
- 9 to wear
- 10 summer



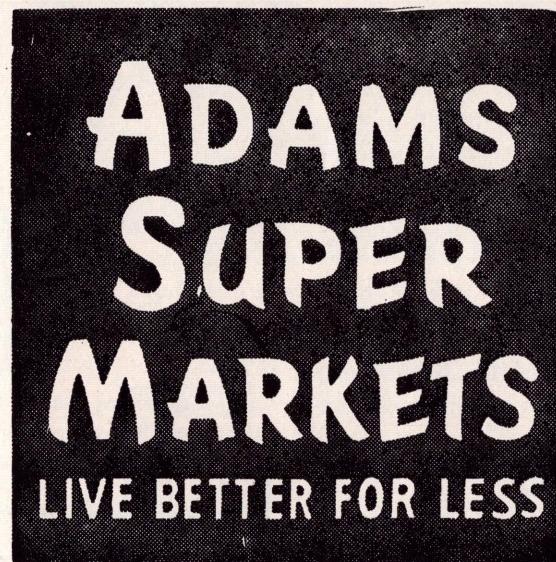
Self

Continued from page 11

trust yourself. How many times do we simply give up and say, "I can't"? And after saying it, do we wonder whether we really could have or not? This uncertainty must be eliminated. We must try to our fullest extent to accomplish everything we expect of our-

selves. And if we don't succeed, then we must accept it as being the fate given us. To believe in the combination of an immortal soul working with a mortal mind enclosed in a human body is to have a strong and lasting faith.

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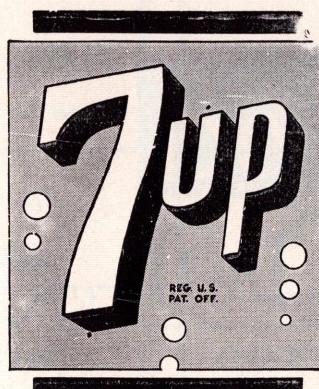
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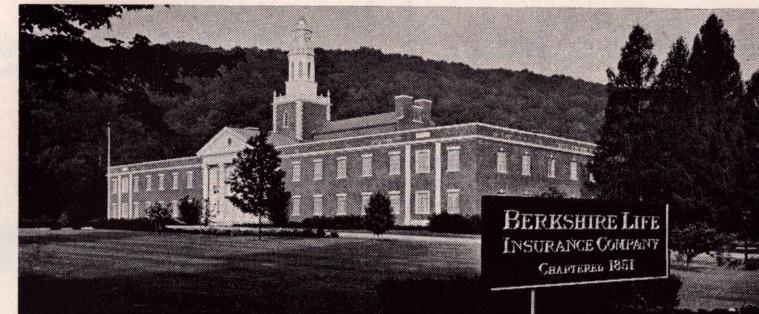
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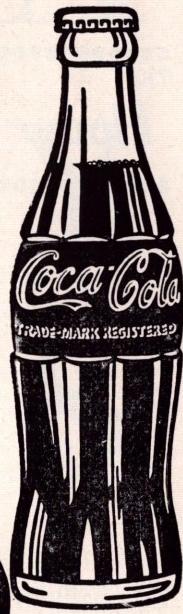
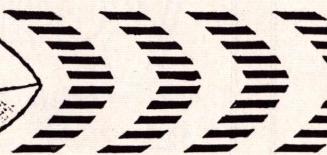
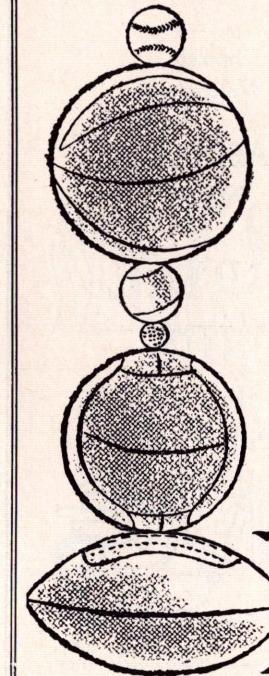
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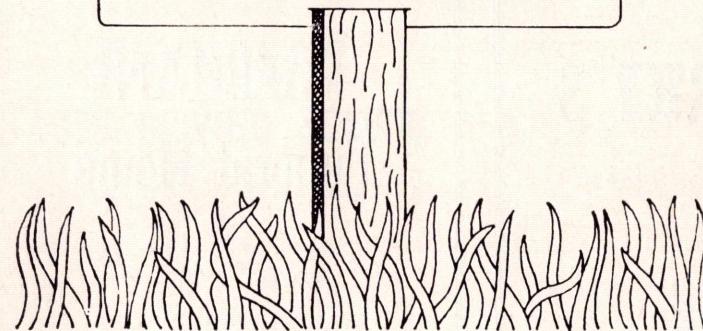


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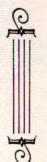


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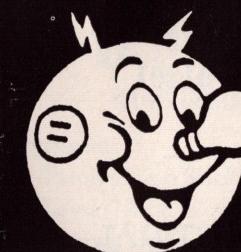
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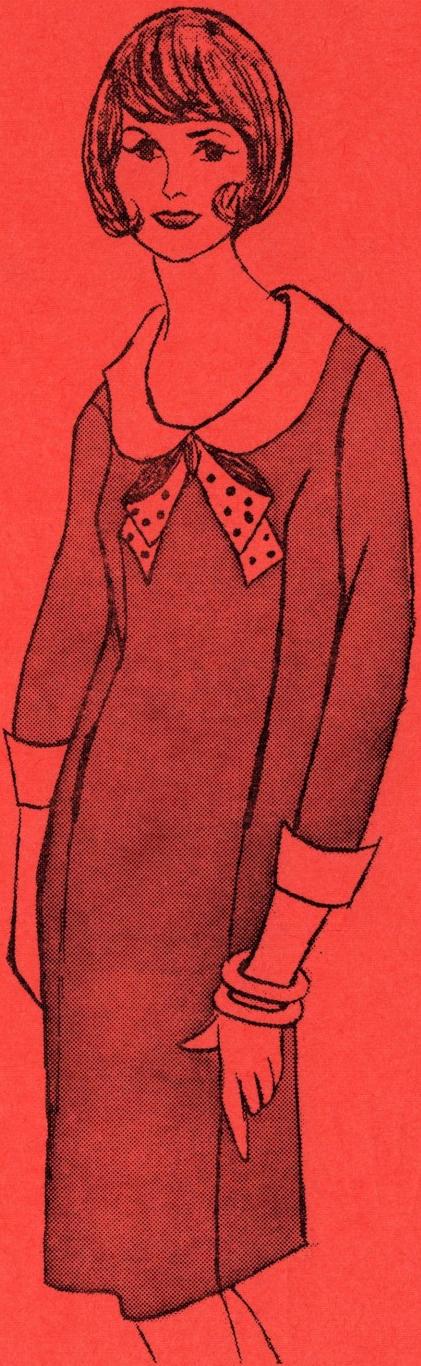
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